

1816

# REMINISCENCES

By GEORGE HENRY FOX, M.D.

*The writing of an autobiography usually suggests the idea that the writer is either a great man or a little man whose head has become temporarily enlarged.*

*It is hoped that the modest title "Reminiscences," which a facetious friend insists upon calling my "reminuiscances," will tend to the avoidance of either assumption.*

G. H. F.

## CHAPTER I.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FATHER

I WAS born, according to the Family Bible, on October 8th, 1846, at Ballston Spa in Saratoga Co., N. Y. I have been told that on this important occasion the older children were entertained by various kind neighbors. When my brother Norman came home and was allowed to gaze at his new and diminutive brother he is said to have burst into tears at the thought of what he had missed, lamenting the fact that although he had been to several weddings he had never been to "a borning."

My father was born on September 17th, 1792, at Hoosic Falls, N. Y. Our combined ages run into three centuries. As a youth he lived at Chestertown where his parents, Jehiel and Jerusha Fox, are buried. He in early life, was a soldier in the War of 1812 and marched to Plattsburg where his company arrived just after the battle but in time to witness the



NORMAN FOX, 1792-1863



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burial of Commodore Downie. I had never heard him speak of his military career until one day during our Civil War he addressed a company just starting for the front and told them of his experience just fifty years before. He said he had no fine blue uniform such as they were wearing but started off with his own rifle and a knapsack which his mother had made for him. He added that his father had been a soldier in the Revolution and that his grandfather had fought in the Colonial wars. I might add just here that four of his sons were in the Civil War and that four of his grandsons and three of his great-grandsons were all officers in the late World War.

A student at Union College in the class of 1816 he became later a judge of the Warren and Washington County courts. He served in the State legislature in the sessions of 1819, 1820, 1826 and 1830. At one time his seat was contested on the plea that he was a minister of the gospel, a circumstance which would have made him ineligible at that time, but his claim that he was not an ordained clergyman but merely had permission to "exercise his gifts" as a lay preacher sufficed to admit him. He finally entered the ministry and for twelve years was pastor of the Baptist Church at Ballston Spa.

In my first distinct recollection of my father I see him standing with his feet apart and his hands behind him, conversing with a gentleman at our house in Ballston. I tugged at his knee to attract attention and asked if I could go out and roll my little wheel-barrow as far as Mr. Beach's corner. He looked down at me and quietly remarked "I've no objection." My vocabulary at that time did not include many words of three syllables but I remember how I interpreted his language through the kind and indulgent look upon his face.

When I was four years old the family moved to Schenectady. Household goods were doubtless shipped by rail but the cow was driven over by my brother Norman to our new home in what I believe is still called "the Bowery" near the end of the pine woods. My father took Elizabeth and me with him in his buggy behind our old black horse and about sundown we overtook Norman trudging along the dusty road just outside of the city. Father now got out while Norman, doubtless with a glad heart, took his place in the buggy. Very soon the latter called our attention to the new home, pointing out "that white house with pillars in front." I recall distinctly looking in vain for a house with pillars in the upper windows.

From the Bowery we moved to a brick house on Liberty street near the Methodist Church and later to half of a double brick house on Ferry street. Our landlord here, a fine old octogenarian, resided next door and was known to us children as "Old Poppy Vedder." Our first floor was almost level with the street and when a front pane of glass became loosened he proceeded to apply the necessary putty from

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the outside. Elizabeth and I became intensely interested in this performance and watched the wind tossing his scanty locks and the peculiar twisting of his lips over his toothless jaws with gleeful emotion. We were endeavoring to imitate or surpass his facial contortions when my brother William arrived in front of the house and by his manifest approval of our grimaces encouraged us to more vigorous effort. Just at this time my father appeared upon the scene. The performance ended and the curtain literally fell. I can not recall that the performers felt any great sense of shame or repentance but I know that my father took us into another room and for a long time talked to us with a singularly impressive kindness about the thoughtlessness of children and the respect which should ever be shown to old age. Lest the reader imagine that I was spoiled through any sparing of the rod I might cite a back yard disagreement with my sister Elizabeth in which my crowning argument was accompanied by a vicious kick. I was quite unaware that my father was just then viewing our discussion from a rear window. I think the rod used in this case was of plum instead of birch but it "got there all the same."

I can distinctly recall the many times when, as a little boy, I climbed up into my father's lap and begged or perhaps demanded of him to draw something on my slate or to tell me a Bible story. Even to this day I can feel the thrill of pleasure with which I listened to the stories of the boy David carrying parched corn and loaves to his brothers in camp, of the widow's cruse of oil and of Elijah's chariot of fire. One night in Paris I listened to the opera of Samson. I had almost forgotten the story but when the blind old man was led in by a little boy to the great pillars I entirely forgot the music and almost cried aloud, "Why! there is the little boy that my father used to tell me about."

When somewhat older and called upon to "speak a piece" at school I often asked my father to select one for me and usually rehearsed it before him. One morning before school hours he asked me to stand up and recite a piece which he had chosen for me. Whether I did this to his satisfaction or not I have quite forgotten but I distinctly remember my surprise when he volunteered to speak a piece for me. Standing erect in the middle of the room he began: "Legei auto ho Iesous, 'Egeire, aron ton krabbaton sou kai peripatei.' . . . En de sabbaton en ekeine te hemera." Now this was all Greek to me at the time and is Greek still although I can understand it a trifle better than I could then. The reader who has studied the language will doubtless recognize it as St. John's description of the healing of the sick man at the pool of Bethesda. Some years later when in college at Rochester we used to read the Greek Testament every Monday morning in Dr. Kendrick's class room and when one day we came to the words "aron ton krabbaton" I was amazed at their familiar sound. Suddenly I recognized them and exclaimed to myself, "That is the



very piece my father spoke for me when I was a little boy in Schenectady. In telling this story at the Sixteenth Annual Banquet of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox it seemed strange to think how little my father realized that this casual speech would be repeated sixty-five years later by his diminutive listener and the story told to an audience composed mainly of his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren.

After living about eight years in Schenectady my father moved to Painted Post where he was interested in the lumber firm of Fox, Weston and Bronson, and where he took great interest in tree planting and gardening. He would read the horticultural catalogues to any of us who would listen and we noted the fact that every variety of plant was described as "large and fine." At the end of our family table he usually sat in silence, apparently oblivious of the fun that was generally carried on by his children. Whenever a dessert was served that seemed unusually appetizing some one at the table was always ready to remark in an undertone "large and fine." During the war our soldier boys, even though officers, often had to live on poor food and scant rations. One day when some peculiarly toothsome dish was brought to the table my father quietly remarked that if William and Charles were home they would say that this was "large and fine," thereby showing that he had noticed far more of what was said and done at our table than any of us had imagined.

My father was fifty-four years old when I was born. This unusual difference in age did not favor an intimate companionship and naturally I was unable to appreciate his admirable qualities as did my older brothers. His college class was fifty years ahead of mine, a circumstance which is rather uncommon.

Some time ago I had occasion to speak at a dinner given by the Theta chapter of Psi Upsilon at Union College. I remarked that I was specially interested in this college and in this chapter as I had lived in Schenectady when a small boy and had attended school in the old college building by the Erie canal. I said that on the muster roll of their chapter would be found the names of my brother, Charles James Fox, '61 and of my nephew, Herbert Wright Fox, '93, that my father was also a Union College student but that he was never asked to join this Fraternity. As my audience seemed greatly to deplore this fact I asked them, "How long ago do you think it was that my father was a student at Union?—Forty—sixty—eighty years ago?" And then I added with some dramatic effect, "I can hardly realize it myself but it was *over one hundred years ago* that my father came as a student to Union College. At that time the venerable gentlemen who founded Psi Upsilon in 1833 were hardly out of their cradles.



# DI-AGNOSTIC HINTS

By M. L. Harris, M. D.

Love makes the world go round—but it also makes us dizzy.

Delirium is the unsolicited, unconscious, ebollution of the *truth*.

Stupor is a preliminary mental state through which a married man must pass before domestication.

Love is a delusion—otherwise a lover would not refer to his beloved as "Violet," "Rose" or "Daisy."

Passion is an anesthetic to the brain.

Love is an intoxication, acute or chronic, characterized by bombastic delirium.

Love is most pleasant during the period of incubation.

Love can not be bought—but it is frequently sold.

Love frequently varies directly with changes in the bank account.

Love thy neighbor as thyself is all right, but nowadays we don't know our neighbors.

## REMINISCENCES

By GEORGE HENRY FOX, M.D.

### (CHAPTER I (Continued))

No words of mine could better portray the character of my father and his philosophy of life than the following remarkable letter to a nephew written in 1840. (Italics are used to indicate words which were underscored):

I learn by your Sister, Mary, that you have obtained a place of employment, in a respectable House, in New York—My object now in writing, is to *impress* upon your mind, my Nephew, the importance of *appreciating* the advantage you now have & of improving the prospect—Let me suggest a few things for your careful and attentive observation—They will be of great use to you, after I am dead & gone—Should you survive me.

1. Children obey your parents—Honor thy Father & Mother (which is the first commandment with Promise—Exods. 20th-12th) "That thy days maybe Long in the Earth"—That it may be well with thee & thou mayest live long, on the Earth"—Insubordination to Parental Restraint—Results generally, In, *Recklessness & Ruin* in future—

2d. Abstain from the *appearance* of Evil—

3d. Be *rigidly & inflexibly* Honest in all Things—*Especially* in little things—The Infinite Mind of Omnipotence, That Knows *all* the Secret workings of the Human Heart, has said in His Word—(Luke 16th-10th) of the unjust Steward—He that is unjust in that which is *least*, is unjust also in *Much*—

4th. Rigidly Govern yourself—*Set bounds* to your curiosity & desires—5th. Make your mark *high* for Respectability & an Honorable distinction in Society—to accomplish it, you *must* Select, for your associates & familiar friends—Respectable, Intelligent and *virtuous* Persons—

6th. Store your mind, with useful Knowledge, Especially, taking the Bible, as the *best Code* of Morals—

### BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS

1st. Be *uniformly* industrious—Be *Economical*—Be *Temperate* in *all* Things—Guard *continually*, against a propensity to *Squander* money, in buying Things, that are *not needed*—

2nd. Remember That all your *prospect*, of usefulness to your *Relatives*—to *yourself*—to *The World*—*Now*, depends on The course you are *willing* to take—Let no *Self denial* or *Privation* or *perseverance*, be considered *too great*, In *Striving* for an honorable & virtuous standing in Society—*Wealth* and Reputation, will be your *Certain Reward*—

3rd. As an Encouragement to you, many of the most wealthy, Talented, & honorable men now in the City of New York, commenced under Circumstances similar to yours & with prospects, no better—



4th. Strive to *merit*, by your *faithfulness & Integrity*, in business, The *Strong Confidence* of your Employers—

5th. Remember that *hundreds* of young men, have been *Ruined* in The City of New York, by *Temptation*—*Beware* of That hidden Rock—*Caution* is the Parent of Security—

6th. Recollect, you have no Father, to *counsel* you, in your youthful & wayward Steps—but you have a widowed mother, who has drank deep of the cup of affliction & Bereavment, who has long watched over you, with all The *Tenderness* of a mother's Care—She has a *strong claim* now upon you, as a dutiful son, to be ready, to cast a Shield of assistance & Security around her—To become her stay & Support in sickness & in her declining years—*Remember This!*

7th. Keep in the mind *continually*, in all your Transactions among men, This Proverb—"Think before you Speak." Also "Think *before* you *act*" for all is not Gold that Shines!—Divine Wisdom Cautions "To ponder, *well*, the paths of your feet." *Men* will *deceive* you—your own ardent Temperament, will *deceive* you—*Inexperience* will deceive you!

8th. Carefully & attentively *Study* human character—That you may be able to, *Read Men*—to *Weigh Men*—& to *Judge Men*—

9th. Many men have not Succeeded in business, for The Simple Reason—That They Could not say *No*—but always, unwilling to be Considered disobliging, have always been Ready to Say—*Yes*—Too Easily persuaded, to Endorse a note for another—To become Security for a Careless friend—or to Enter into any untried & visionary experiments & always, Thus been losing, as fast as they were getting—

10th. That Navigator, is most *Safe* & prosperous, who often looks at his chart—observes the Needle—& so *understands* his course—So the business man, is most *Safe* and *Successful*, who often makes reckoning & knows the course his business is taking—

Now my Earnest request is, *Sheridan*, that you will *often & carefully*, Read the foregoing, & bring the Instructions, to *bear practically*, upon your character & deportment.

Yours affectionately—

NORMAN FOX.

My cousin Sheridan died soon after from tetanus, the result of an unfortunate dive while bathing, but the sage and pious counsel contained in this letter has not lost its value in the eighty years or more which have elapsed and should it afford profit to any later reader it will surely not have been written in vain.

One of the most striking characteristics of my father was his wonderful familiarity with the Bible. I cannot say that this impressed me as a child, but I have often thought about it in later years. I vividly recall our morning prayers as the family knelt in the little front room of our home in Ferry Street, Schenectady. As to our evening prayers, I was usually fast asleep, before their close. My father was wont to preface most of his prayers with long quotations from the Psalms. I can now recall his clear and sonorous voice and the echo of the words, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations" and



"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" is still ringing in my ears even after the lapse of more than sixty years. I recall how he used to pray for "a world lying in sin and wickedness," for "all those languishing on beds of sickness" and many other favorite expressions. He often referred to death in his prayers and I have seldom attended a funeral since without repeating his quotation from Ecclesiastes, "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

When my aunt Selina died in our home at "the Mills" near Painted Post I was in her room with my father and as she drew her last breath I remember that he said in a low voice, "She has gone to see the King in his beauty."

When my brother William came up from his camp at Elmira to bid good-bye to the family before starting for the seat of war in Virginia, I was with my father in the garden. Hurriedly and thoughtlessly my brother grasped our hands and my father, without any external evidence of the emotion which he certainly felt, simply said, "The Lord cover thy head in the day of battle."

The present generation is unfortunately much less familiar with the Bible than the last. Were it not so we might oftener hear effective scriptural quotations in public addresses and less of the "latest slang" in private speech.



The old Baptist Church at Ballston Spa of which Norman Fox was pastor.  
Reproduced from an engraving made in 1838.

(Years ago when Saratoga was only known in connection with a certain battle Ballston Spa was a highly popular health resort. In the above picture can be seen the top of a celebrated hotel known as the "Sans Souci." At a later date the greater number and quality of the Saratoga mineral springs caused Ballston to suffer an almost total eclipse.)



December 1923

## REMINISCENCES

By GEORGE HENRY FOX, M.D.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH

AS to how far back in life one's memory may go is a question I have heard discussed but upon which I have never heard an authoritative opinion. The earliest age at which a permanent impression upon the mind is likely to occur I do not know but my youngest daughter and I have both been jeered at by my family for claiming that we could recall incidents of our babyhood. I have always had a picture in my mind, possibly a memory, of being lifted out of a cradle wearing a knit worsted hood with balls at the end of long strings. My mother died when I was two years and five months old and I distinctly recall seeing her lying in bed during her last illness. Some years ago I met an old lady in western New York, the widow of the doctor who officiated at my birth. She told me that she was in the room when my mother died, named the children who were present and finally remarked that she held the baby, forgetful for the moment that I was the baby that she held. I have a vivid recollection of my fourth birthday and of playing in front of the house where I was born with my sister Elizabeth, each of us wearing an old-fashioned sun-bonnet.

The youngest of seven children I was far from being a very robust boy. In fact I recall some neighbors who said they were afraid to lift me up through fear that my arms would pull out of their sockets. Gymnastic training, however, before and during my early college years so improved my physique and general health that I have outlived my four older brothers and now at the age of seventy-seven I rejoice to find that I can still take pleasure

"in Life's late afternoon  
Where cool and long the shadows grow."

The oldest of the seven children was Adaline who, after my mother's death, looked after the six younger and motherless children with a fidelity which may have led to her early death at eighteen. I scarcely recall her in life but have a vivid recollection of her funeral with a large group of friends gathered around the open grave. My brother Alanson was away from home much of the time at Brewer's Mills near Kingston, Canada, where my father was interested in some lumbering business but he will never be forgotten since it was he who gave me my first jack-knife. I soon learned "the mysteries of that magic tool" and though my cut fingers have long since healed my gratitude to the donor of this most acceptable gift is still warm in my heart. Norman and William frequently took me with them on some walk or excursion to the woods. I can recall how my little hand grasped the finger or thumb of the former as I trotted by his side and how the latter usually carried me on his shoulders with my legs around his neck. Charles I



mainly recall as the "big brother" so convenient to have in case of an altercation with any pugnacious playmate. The accompanying picture of the five brothers may not suggest anything exceptional in the matter of good looks but the fact that three of them, together with three of their sons, have appeared in "Who's Who in America" may be regarded by some as more or less creditable.

As a boy I used to dream repeatedly of a grand military pageant with a large band of music and an immense body of marching troops and later often wondered what might have been the occasion of this frequent dream. As I was born in 1846 and the Mexican War closed in 1849 it has occurred to me that the possible return of one or two veterans of the war to the village of Ballston may have been celebrated by a parade which I was permitted to witness. If so, I probably saw the village band, a fire company and a score or more of soldiers in uniform. Doubtless the memory of this modest military display was greatly enlarged by looking at war pictures and hearing my older brothers talk about the armies of Napoleon and hence my glorious and oft-repeated dream.

While living in Schenectady my father made frequent trips to Ballston and Albany and sometimes took with him his youngest children, my sister and myself. I recall a visit to friends living on a farm near Ballston where one long day when the drizzling rain kept me indoors I was permitted to work the pedals of an old-fashioned "melodeon" and elicit a variety of squeaking noises by random pressure on the keys. When tired of this amusement I was set to work hemming towels, a sport in which I have never since indulged but which, after these many years, I still think of as an ideal pastime.

Visiting Albany relatives on one occasion my sister and I were each given the munificent sum of ten cents to spend as we chose. With mingled joy and excitement we hastened to the Capitol Hill where a few peddlers displayed some cheap but attractive wares. While I soon became the proud possessor of a gilt watch and chain my sister invested her cash in a bottle of red hair oil. In going back to Schenectady she wrapped this up and carefully placed it in her little bag which contained a new and delicate blue silk waist. Of course the stopper



Alanson

Norman

George

Charles

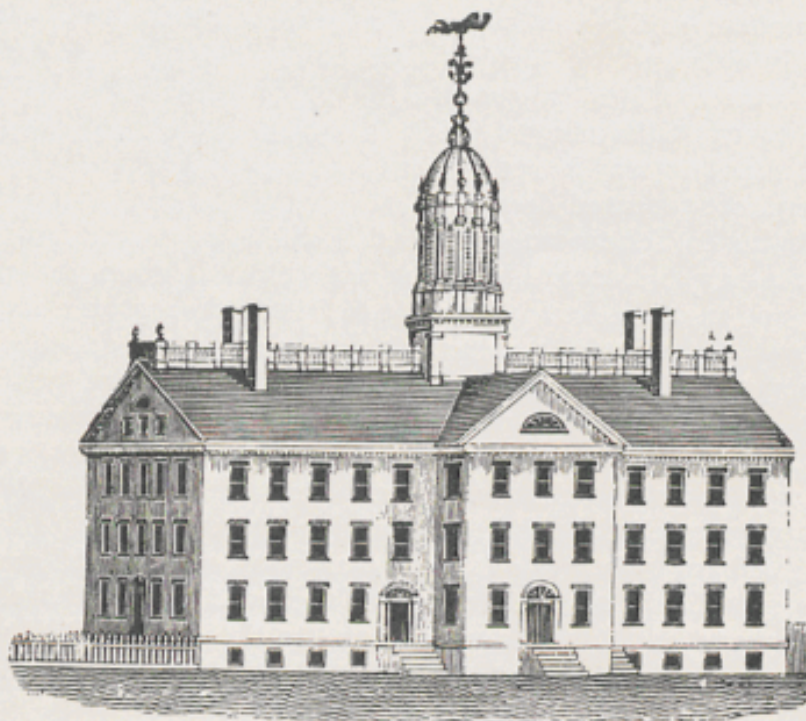
William



came out of the bottle during the journey home and I need not waste words in describing the effect produced by this slight accident.

One time my father took us with him to New York where we visited cousins living in a brown stone house on 14th Street near Seventh Avenue. On the Fourth of July my cousin, Charles James Fox, stood talking with my father on the front steps where I was playing and quietly handed me a couple of silver quarters saying, "Here, Georgy, go and buy some fireworks." I remember that one was a bright, new U. S. coin while the other, larger and quite smooth, was one of the Mexican quarters which were in circulation in those days. I had never had so much money and felt greatly disconcerted at first, thinking that I had been commissioned to buy some large set pieces of pyrotechnics for an evening exhibition and it was only after asking my cousin for more definite instructions as to its expenditure that I fully realized that this vast sum was intended for my personal pleasure. When I had grasped this idea it did not take me long to find a little stand around the corner and to come back with an armful of firecrackers and torpedoes.

During this visit a public funeral occurred on the occasion of President Monroe's body being transported from New York to Virginia. I joined the group of sight see-ers along the curbstone and recall distinctly seeing General Winfield Scott in full uniform march out of the church at the head of the procession.



Union College in 1804



January 1924

## REMINISCENCES

By GEORGE HENRY FOX, M.D.

### CHAPTER 2 (Continued)

WHEN living in Schenectady it not infrequently happened that some old college friend or classmate, in returning to visit his Alma Mater, would hunt up my father and be invited to our house. At the table this casual guest would invariably take great delight in talking about various boyish pranks and misdemeanors in which they had participated in their college days. On such occasions no children ever sat more quietly or listened with greater attention to the conversation of their elders and we could not help but note the little interest my father took in these reminiscences and how ready and eager he always seemed to change the subject.

\* \* \* \* \*

Union College was established in 1795 after repeated petitions to the Board of Regents in Albany. Its charter had a provision that the majority of the twenty-four Trustees should not at any time be members of the same religious sect or denomination. It was the first non-sectarian college in this country and hence its name. It first occupied a two-story brick building on the northwest corner of Union and Ferry Streets, but in 1804 moved to a more commodious building at the corner of Union and College Streets. At this time Union was a rival of Harvard and Yale and a little later had a larger number of students than either of these older institutions.

In 1815, a new site having been purchased on the hill the College building was sold to the City and used as a Court House. It was bought back by the College in 1831 and resold to the City in 1854. It was now used as a public school until 1890 when it was demolished to make room for a more modern building. This new and model "Union School" was established in Schenectady with teachers imported from Boston and all the latest pedagogical ideas. And so it happened that in the same old building where my father went to college under Dr. Nott four of his children went to school. One day two of my brothers received a stern parental lecture for writing their names in some public place, the folly and weakness of such conduct being dwelt upon at length. Shortly after they climbed up into the belfry of the old College building in which they were attending school and there among hundreds of names of former students cut in the wood in years gone by they accidentally ran across the familiar name of "N. Fox." Among other names found there was that of Chester A. Arthur inscribed at a time when his prospect of becoming President of the United States was probably no brighter than that of many of his fellow students.



As a lad I displayed a certain amount of musical ability and had a fair voice. In the Baptist Sunday School a certain "Professor" gave courses of vocal instruction and I must have been one of his star pupils as I was selected with a few others to display my talent in public on various occasions. I recall going at a tender age over the river to a hamlet called Scotia and singing alto in a duet with a little sweetheart named Mary Ann; also being taken down to Cohoes where in a public concert I sang with the Professor and a fat young fellow with a deep, bass voice. Our trio rendered the "Star Spangled Banner" but I have, happily perhaps, no distinct recollection of how it sounded! All I can say is that I have never been asked to sing in Metropolitan Opera on the strength of this performance.

The Baptist Choir was in the habit of giving an annual concert for a new Church carpet or other worthy object and on one occasion was assisted by a young man of the city well known for his patriarchal beard and fine basso-profundo voice. With a few others from the Sunday School I was on the program and entrusted with a dozen tickets to sell. With the latter fact in view I hastened to our grocery store on the corner where I foisted one on the clerk and where our basso-profundo friend was in the habit of loafing. He was there and asked me what my tickets were for. I knew well that he knew but answered him very politely. He next inquired if I was to take part in the concert. I modestly admitted that I expected to do so. Then looking gravely down at me he asked in his very deepest tones, "Are you going to sing 'The Old Sexton'?" Knowing this to be his favorite bass solo and conscious of my diminutive stature, thin legs and weak chest I fully appreciated the joke though too embarrassed to laugh but I have chuckled many times since at the recollection of this incident.

Many of the school children of Schenectady in successive generations took singing lessons given by an old gentleman named Simeon B. Marsh, author of the well known hymn tune called "Martyn." Disrespectful persons sometimes spoke of him as "Old Daddy Marsh." I think his instruction was free but I remember that each scholar paid a penny for a little four page music-book which told all about minims and crotchets and demi-semi-quavers, terms which are possibly unknown in the curriculum of musical schools at the present day. I can vividly recall his tall form as he stood before a score or two of his youthful pupils with his head bent over his dark violin and I can still hear its tremulous tones above the childish voices as he played, "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill." There were no rag-time pieces in his repertoire. His only reward for his labor, other than virtue, was a modest pecuniary return from a public concert which he gave once a year. He evidently had colored as well as white pupils for I remember that at one concert a half dozen or more little pickaninnies gave a song descrip-



tive of the frog. They gestured as they sang and at the line "with eyes on top of his head" they rolled up their eye-balls until the white portions contrasting with their black faces produced an effect which fairly convulsed the audience. A favorite old cantata usually given was called "Hail! Smiling Morn." After the words "at whose bright presence darkness flies away" there was supposed to come an echo of the last two words. I have heard a story, good enough to be true, that on one occasion a young Scotchman was delegated to give this echo. In the pause after the words "flies away" there came back in loud tone from behind the scenes an echo in broad Scotch dialect—"flees a wa."

When I was about thirteen my father moved to Painted Post, N. Y., where he was interested and two of my brothers engaged in an extensive lumber industry. We lived in a little settlement a mile from the village known as the "Gang Mills." For a short time I went to the district school here with the children of the workmen in the mills. It happened about this time that the question of reading the Bible in the public schools was being agitated and a meeting to discuss the subject was held one evening at the school house. A certain teamster employed on the lumber yard, Charley B. by name, was a general favorite of old and young in spite of his fluent and unrestricted profanity. He had been in neither school nor church for years and neither knew nor cared whether his children heard the Bible read or not. He was neither Romanist nor Protestant but learning that certain Catholics objected to the reading of the King James version of the Scriptures he was up in arms and astonished the school house audience by his unexpected appearance. After listening to speeches *pro et con* he finally got the floor himself and after delivering a few forcible remarks reached his peroration in expressing an unhesitating opinion that religion was a "*damned good thing!*"

When the Baptist Church was about to be built at Painted Post a few trees had to be cut down on its site and some difficulty arose in removing the stumps. Dynamite not being in use then my brother sent for Charley B. and one of his most powerful teams used in dragging heavy logs out of the pond at the lumber mills. A large chain was attached to one refractory stump. The teamster bit his lips and lashed his horses in vain while the minister and my brother looked on with great interest. Finally throwing down his reins he took my brother aside and wiping his perspiring brow and said, "Mr. Fox, you take the Dominie down the street and just let me talk to these horses a bit." My brother fully understood his predicament and walked away with the minister and while I cannot repeat just what was said I know that the stumps were quickly dislocated and drawn out to the roadside.





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No. 3

### Notes on the papers of Norman Fox

By Kenneth C. MacArthur.

Thru the kindness of Aunt Cornelia, there came into my hands a few years ago, a bundle of old papers of various kinds that had belonged to Norman Fox. After looking them over with some care, I find a number which may interest others of the descendants beside myself. They are written on pieces of writing paper and scraps of all descriptions. The handwriting is not unlike my mother's. The small letter "s" is made in the old fashioned way, much like an "f." The word connection, which occurs frequently in the sermons, is spelled uniformly "connexion." "Brittain," "carr" and "untill" are other peculiar spellings. When I opened some of the old sermons, blotting sand, such as I saw the old French priest with whom I was billeted in 1918, using, fell out of the papers.

The earliest paper is dated, "Chester, July 16th, 1833"; the latest May 7th, 1861. The first is a tailor's bill, including the following items: "To making Pants \$1.25, cutting coat, C. Fox, .31, Making coat \$5.50, Pants 1.50, Vest 1.50." It is to be feared that the descendants are not now sufficiently thrifty or fortunate to get a complete sartorial outfit for \$10.06.

There is a memorandum of borrowing \$54 of S. F. Dean, 21st, April, 1852 on which our grandfather agreed to pay interest. There is a bill to Samuel, John and Elias Wakeman for \$30, subscriptions due to Elder Fox, on which space is provided for credits due them for furnishing hay. Norman Fox submits

a bill to some one for 76 cents worth of veal and for two bushels of potatoes at 75 cents. In spite of the low cost of clothing and food, he evidently had financial difficulties for in the midst of a collection of Bible verses, I find "Note due A. W. 14, 1843, \$1,000." At another time, he gives a note for \$56.12 to Edward Wilcox who has endorsed on the note the various instalments by which it was paid.

In the midst of sermon notes, is a memorandum to the following effect "Note discounted at Saratoga County Bank of \$75 due 4th, Jan., 1843." Among these business papers is a receipt in full of all accounts and demands by Joseph Russell "from the beginning of the world to the day of the date hereof." Once, at least, he dreams of wealth and estimates that \$31,800 can be cleared by bringing logs from Cream Pond to Glens Falls and sawing them into lumber.

A memorandum of a conversation "had with Jesse Tripp" in 1845, contains the following: "I told Tripp I could not pay the note (Jane Bond old note of \$60, etc.) had six children—did not recover a dollar of L. S. Russell of hay in a law suit, etc. I will give \$25 for note. It is outlawed and I am not by law compelled to pay anything." Tripp tried to get \$5 as a fee for himself but was refused.

The last of the business papers is signed by one who was known to many of the younger descendants. It is as follows: "This day settled with Norman Fox & Recd, one dollar in full for monies left in his hands belonging to my mother, Sophia Fox Dean, at her death—which has been paid by him, in



years past for assisting in supporting my mother before her death and the funeral expenses & also for monies he has advanced for me in my education & support at different times. Herman B. Dean."

On the back of one of the sermons in a child's handwriting, the following is scrawled. "Wil. William, Wilham Fox." On another is a recipe for nuneset tea while on the margin of a letter written in long hand by the corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, are tentative rules for a partnership. The letters are told so as to be posted without being enclosed in an envelope and instead of being stamped, they are postmarked "Paid."

Included are resolutions of the church that each unmarried person should pay at least \$1 a year and those under age \$0 cents. Doubtless village churches were relatively stronger then than they are now. We may learn more of the Ballston Spa Church from a letter written Oct. 16, 1849 to Rev'd. John Blair. Part of it follows: "I have been pastor of this church nearly twelve years and failure of my health renders it necessary for me to give up the charge of the church. We want to get a Pastor. Our church numbers about 300 members. This village is the county seat of old Saratoga. We have a population in the village of about 2,000—ours is the largest and the best meeting house although the aristocracy is in the Episcopal and Presbyterian—our church is a peace loving people, plain and industrious—congregations average between 3 and 400, probably, I have had a support of 600 dolls year.

I expect to remain with my family here, having buried my wife last winter—I think I should not be a troublesome dry dock minister," etc.

I read this letter with a good deal of interest because I received one of similar tenor myself in 1916 from the then pastor of the Ballston Spa Baptist Church. One of the earliest papers is a printed report of a convention held at Adams-

ville, Washington County, N. Y., July 1 and 2, 1834, at which the Washington Baptist Association was formed. As clerk of the Convention Norman Fox doubtless had much to do with drawing up the rules which after commencing close communion go on to say: "We believe that speculative Freemasonry is a moral evil and should be treated as such and that churches ought to require an acknowledgment of it from their members."

As the only living descendant who has followed our ancestor's profession, I have naturally looked over the sermons with much interest tho I fear I can not exemplify his statement that "vocal music is a gospel ordinance."

In a funeral sermon for Alvin Luther who fell in the Mexican War there is expressed that conviction which some of the descendants share that "the sword shall not always devour and the preacher ungrammatically asserts that "the shouts of victory has cost you a brother." In a sermon on the death of Andrew Jackson, Norman Fox forecasts the great growth of the United States. He prophesied that by 1920 our population would be 160,000,000 but he did not foresee the menacing decrease of the birth rate among our native born which threatens the extinction of his own descendants who bear the Fox name. He urges the importance of religion as a corrective of lawlessness and vice, and of doing our duty at the elections.

He would have rejoiced could he have lived to see national prohibition for he wrote: "Intemperance is as great a curse as was ever inflicted upon a free and enlightened country. The manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating drinks is the great barrier to the spread of gospel." It doubtless took considerable courage to say such things in those days, for he includes among the obstacles to reform "religious people are opposed."

He strongly supports Sunday Schools, which were then only 50 years old—and urges both home and foreign missions.

## FOX FAMILY NEWS

*The recognized organ of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox. Published every two months. Editor, Howard Fox, 616 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription \$1.00 per year.*

Possibly he was thinking of Jehiel Fox, when he praised the pioneer missionary who "sleeps on a bear skin and preaches from a stump." The old fashioned note appears in a sermon in praise of fasting and in another in which he says there will be mourning at the Judgment Seat when the Judges ask what you have done for your children and you reply: "I sent them to dancing school." His theology is equally old fashioned with its account of the devil and of the different ranks of angels, the resurrection of the present physical body, the allegorical use of the good Samaritan as a type of Christ, instead of as a brotherly man, its view of the Bible as verbally inspired, its interpretation of the Kingdom not as the Democracy of God on earth but purely in an individual sense and his frequent teaching that men are depraved and by nature the children of wrath.

There remains the impression of a patient self denying father and of a devout pastor who bore a mans load in the world, whose character was tempered by sacrifice and prayer, who laid up treasures in heaven and left the heritage of that good name which is rather to be chosen than great riches.

### Experiences of a Plebe

*by Cadet Charles Fox Evans  
(Concluded from the January issue)*

Saturday morning we had a battalion review with the full infantry equipment and passed before the major at quick and double time. Double turning around the parade ground with seventy pounds of equipment is no joke, it makes one weary. After the parade we had an inspection of our equipment. I had the top of my mess tin turned the wrong way. A week ago we had a battalion inspection in close order and

we stood at attention for fifty minutes. Lots of the fellows fainted and dropped. It's a peculiar feeling to have men toppling over on all sides of you. By the time the inspection was over the parade ground looked like a battle field.

Dinner at the mess hall is a great sight if you are not a plebe. We have to brace during the meal and sit on three inches of chair. If we want anything we have to sound off loud for it. If we can't holler "peas, please" loud enough to be heard a mile away we don't get them.

The worst thing I have struck yet is guard duty. I went on duty Thursday night and didn't get any sleep for two days and a night. We have a tour of walking guard two hours and four hours off. I was on from 7-9 P. M., 1-3 A. M. It sounds all right but during off hours they turn out the guard every time the officer in charge or the officer of the day comes round and also if there is any disorder. Besides the two tours I had that night I was turned out three times. We have to turn out in about thirty seconds. We sleep on the floor of the tent in a blanket with all our clothes on including a layonet and white gloves. We also keep our rifles in our "beds." By the time we are on our last tour we are pretty well tired out. We are not permitted to stop walking for an instant and we can't take our rifles off our shoulders. You have no idea how heavy a ten pound rifle gets by the end of the eighth hour. We have to use our hands a lot also. At certain times certain people can cross our posts and at other times they can't and there are lots of exceptions to each rule.

They make up for it at the mess hall, however and they certainly do raise Cain there. The squad which is on duty at meal times goes alone to the mess hall, when it is relieved



and the cadet officers have a free hand. They call this squad the "hungry squad" because they eat so much. When we are sitting at the table a cadet officer will yell "Change posts—MARCH" and every plebe has to pick up all his plates and silver with food on it and cross under the table to the seat on the other side. It has to be done in about six seconds and we can't spill anything or get our clothes dirty. The upper class men assist us with their feet most forcibly. The last man up has to hold his mouth open while the upper classmen throw butter in it. When an upper classman wants milk he yells out, "How's the cow?" and the fellow pouring the milk has to sound off the following ditty with a straight face. "She walks, she talks, she's full of chalk. The lacteal fluid of the female gender of the bovine species flows, prolific to the second degree." The table keeps us cheered up all right.

### Family News

Rob has bought a house in Bartlesville, where he and Nellie now live.

Gertrude expects to attend the International Y. W. C. A. Convention in Cleveland this month.

Uncle George has rented his house at Glen Cove for the summer and regrets that he will be unable to entertain the family as usual on the Fourth of July.

Uncle Robert will preach at Tremont Temple, Boston, ten Sundays beginning July 4th, after which he has engagements in Lawrence and New York. He and Aunt Elizabeth plan to attend the Southern Baptist Convention at Washington in May after which they will go to Suffield.

Howard has been elected President of the Caduceus Post, No. 818 of the American Legion, an organization which



*Adaline and George Fox Trowbridge*

was recently formed by the amalgamation of two other posts. Most of the members are former Medical Officers.

On Easter Sunday, Kenneth baptized fifteen people. On April 26th he read a paper before the C. C. Club (a group of theological professors and ministers) on "A Neglected Chapter in Church History. The Contribution of the Church to Agriculture." He has joined the James A. Shannon Post of the American Legion.

When the announcement of Louise Kershner's engagement to Mr. Potter was formerly made early this year, the EVENING LEADER at Corning said in part as follows: "Miss Kershner who is one of the debutantes of the season, is one of the very popular girls of the younger society set. In addition to her beauty and charm of manner she is the possessor of a beautiful high soprano voice, which her friends often enjoy."



CLASS OF 1816

NORMAN FOX

Entered from Chester, N. Y.  
In College, 1812-1813.  
Entered Union.  
Clergyman.  
Died in Painted Post, N. Y., 1863.

Middlebury College  
General Catalogue  
p. 43 1917.



# From the Archives

Mr. Jehiel Fox, Dr., to Union College,  
for the College Bill of Son Norman dur-  
ing the Session commencing September  
21st, and ending December 21st, 1813.  
To Tuition and use of Col-

lege Library,	\$10.75
Room Rent, &C.	1.50
Wood and Cutting for	
Public Rooms,	2.50
Servants, Hire, &C.	2.50
Public Damage,	1.25
Printing,	.50

	\$19.	\$19.
12 Weeks Board, at \$1.25		
per week,	\$19.	
Taken from dining hall		.75
Private Damage,		
Fines, as per letter forwarded,		

A bill of those  
absences and  
tardiness  
which have  
been charged  
to your son  
during the  
last term,  
which are not  
placed under  
the head of  
fines, as he  
has rendered  
some excuse  
for the same.

Absent from or  
tardy at

Prayers 1 times 1	
Recitation	
1 times 1	
Rooms 1 times 1	
	3 3

French Books furnished, 1 Dol-	
lar per year,	
Classical Books furnished, 2	
Dollars, 25 cents per term,	2.25
Books damaged,	
Books lost,	

Total \$47.38

On the original bill, which is among  
the archives of our society, the items are  
printed and the amounts as far as \$10 are  
also printed. The remaining amounts  
and the total, and also the names are  
filled in in handwriting. The entire bill  
was folded and sealed with wax, in the  
manner customary before the invention  
of envelopes, and addressed to "Mr.  
Jehiel Fox, Chester, Warren County."  
Instead of postage stamp and printed  
postmark, which had not then been in-  
vented, there is written on one upper  
corner the figure "10" and on the other  
the words "Schndy Decr 25".

From "Fox Family News"  
Vol. I. No. 1 - January 1, 1912

Furnished by W. N. P. Dailey '84

Norman Fox  
Union College  
Class 1816

Non-Graduate

Became a  
Minister

Entered from  
Chester (town)  
N.Y.

Last Address:

Painted  
Post, N.Y.

Died in  
1863

MSA 1816 fox - n - 00018





Vol. 3

JULY 1 1914

No. 4

### Plattsburg, 1814-1914.

One of the most interesting incidents in the life of Norman Fox was his brief service in the War of 1812. In the year 1814 Major General Prevost, commanding 14000 British soldiers most of whom were veterans of the Napoleonic wars, invaded northern New York in cooperation with a British fleet on Lake Champlain under Commodore Downie. The Americans had at Plattsburg about 1500 regulars under Brig. Gen. Macomb and a fleet under Commodore Macdonough and the militia of the adjacent counties of New York and Vermont were called out to help repel the invasion.

At this time Norman Fox was living at Chester, Warren County, N. Y., and was not quite 22 years old. He enlisted as a private in Captain Salmon Farr, Jr.'s, company of the Twenty-third Regiment of New York Militia from Washington and Warren Counties and was mustered into the service of the United States on September 9th, 1814. The statement in the Fox Society booklet of 1906 and in the last number of the News (page 13) that he was an officer in the war is wrong although in later years he held commissions in the same regiment. The regiment had no uniforms but Norman Fox carried his own flintlock musket and his mother made him a knapsack.

In the meantime the invading army on September sixth occupied Plattsburg where their advance was checked by the Americans who were intrenched on South bank of the Saranac River. The British then waited for the assistance of their fleet which

arrived on the eleventh. By that time the Americans had been reenforced by 3200 militia from Vermont and from Clinton and Essex Counties of New York but the militia from Washington and Warren Counties had not yet arrived.

On September eleventh the British fleet attacked the American ships in Cumberland Bay off Plattsburg while at the same time the British army attempted to force a crossing of the Saranac. The result of the naval battle was the surrender of the four larger British vessels and the flight of the smaller ones. Commodore Downie was among the killed. On shore the attack of the British army was repulsed at Plattsburg village although on account of their superior numbers their right wing succeeded in crossing the river at a ford three miles from its mouth. When Gen. Prevost learned of the American naval victory he lost hope of success and after dark he commenced a retreat towards Canada with such haste that he left behind his wounded and much of his supplies.

The Twenty-third New York Regiment, which was hastening by forced marches to reenforce Macomb's army, did not reach Plattsburg until the British had retreated. The tradition in our family says that Norman Fox was near enough on the day of the battle to hear the firing in the distance and that after reaching Plattsburg his regiment helped bury the dead. He was present at the burial in the Plattsburg Cemetery of Commodore Downie and the other officers killed on both sides. After the British were again in Canada and the danger of invasion over, the militia was



sent home and Norman Fox's service ended on September twentieth.

On March 22nd 1816, more than a year after the close of the war, Norman Fox was commissioned Adjutant in the same regiment, in 1822 Major and in 1823 Lieutenant Colonel. He resigned in 1824.

It has been suggested that our family should commemorate the centennial of Norman Fox's march from Chester to Plattsburg by making that trip in automobiles in September and attending the centennial celebration at Plattsburg. We do not know the exact route his regiment took but between those towns is a road which passes through one of the most beautiful regions of the state and has recently been put in fine condition for automobiles. Then also three other towns in which Norman Fox resided lie between Albany and Chestertown and could be visited en route. The village which was called Chester in Norman Fox's day is now known as Chestertown. It is hoped that all members of the family who have automobiles in New York, Massachusetts or Vermont will attend and take with them as many of the cousins who have no cars as they can accommodate. Automobiles from New York City can be taken to Albany on the night boat.

The following itinerary is suggested for discussion by the family. We should leave Albany early in the morning on Tuesday, September 8th, or Wednesday, September 9th, according to whether it is decided to make the trip from Albany to Chestertown (83.9 miles) in one day or to take two days. The latter would allow for delays and give longer visits at the points of interest by the way. From Albany we should go 15 miles to Schenectady where Norman Fox once lived and where most of our uncles went to school. Here is also Union College where Norman Fox was in the Class of '17. Uncle William in '60, Uncle Charles in '61 and Bert in '93. From there it is 15.9 miles to Ballston Spa where Norman Fox lived before going to

Schenectady and where most of our uncles were born. Then we go 6.7 miles to Saratoga Springs noticing there the monument to the 77th New York Volunteers, in which my father (Uncle Norman) and Uncle George served in the Civil War. From Saratoga it is 19.1 miles to Glens Falls where Norman Fox lived after leaving Chester and where Uncle Alanson and my father (Uncle Norman) were born. Then from Glens Falls we go 9.1 miles to Lake George Village, formerly Caldwell, passing near there the site of the battle of Lake George, in which our great grandfather Hezekiah Baldwin was wounded on September eighth, 1755, and near which is the ruins of Fort George, where Hezekiah Baldwin was stationed as a Captain in 1775. From Lake George Village it is 18.1 miles to Chestertown where we shall spend the night of Wednesday, September ninth. Jehiel Fox and others of our ancestors are buried in the cemetery there.

On the tenth we take the ride of 86.9 miles from Chestertown to Plattsburg by way of Schroon Lake and Elizabethtown. This road passes along the foot of the Adirondacks and is one of the finest rides in the state. We shall spend all day of the eleventh at Plattsburg and take in the centennial celebration. The Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point three and one half miles from Plattsburg would probably be the best place to stay. The journey home would commence on Saturday September twelfth and could be made either the same way or by whichever of several possible variations may suit anyone's preference.

It is hoped that many of the cousins will take this trip and it is suggested that they correspond with each other on the subject so that it may be known how many are going and that accommodations may be arranged some time in advance.

Noel Blecker Fox.

## FOX FAMILY NEWS.

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### From the Archives.

*(Letter written by Uncle Charles to Uncle Norman.)*  
Camp Co. "C" 107th Regt. N. Y. V.  
Shelbyville Tenn. Jan. 29, '64.

Dear Brother,

Your welcome letter came to hand a few days ago and I will now answer it, although you may not receive it very soon as I understand they are expecting you home upon a leave of absence. I will write anyway for then you will be owing me a letter which is pleasanter than to have the shoe on the other foot.

By the heading of my letter you will notice that Co. "C" has moved from Wartrace Bridge to this Utopia of the section. It is a pleasant change for now we do duty on brick sidewalks and have nothing to hinder our wearing our cleanest brass and brightest blue, are the life of the town and the joy of the girls. There are plenty of them who have been educated at Northern boarding schools, the dear things, what a blessing they are for the poor suffering soldiers. I am suffering badly, have to look out on the public square, board at the Hotel and am obliged to call on pretty girls every evening. Hard is it. Who wouldn't be a soldier.

This place is noted for its loyalty, contains about 5000 inhabitants and is connected with the N. & C. R. R. at Wartrace at which place the remainder of our Regiment is stationed. There are four companies here under command of Maj. Baldwin, Cos. A, C, D. & I. My company is quartered in a block of buildings called Council Row.

I suppose you have heard of the conditions we have received to our Regiment. The 145th N. Y. V. has been broken up,

their officers mustered out and the men divided among the N. Y. Regiments of this Corps. We received 5 companies containing about 300 men. My company now numbers 62 men Present and 78 Present and Absent, which makes us quite a respectable size.

We are expecting a number of recruits, then we will be something like we were when we left Elmira.

I received a letter from George to-day. He has got a touch of war fever. I wrote him to keep out of the army, that he was well enough off now without coming to War. Good advice to a brother if it is discouraging enlistments, don't you think so.

I am glad to hear that you are enjoying Winter Quarters. Billy is stationed at Wartrace. I was over yesterday, to see him, he is well, ditto myself. Not much to write about and will close. Write soon.

I remain

Yours Affectionately

Charlie.

## Family Anecdotes.

### II

When "Little Norman" (long since a grown up and Mayor of Manistique) was visiting in New York, his Uncle George took him to the theatre. Walking home up Fifth Avenue, shortly before midnight, the small boy noted the singular fact that they were not the only ones "staying up late". Being thoroughly imbued with the idea that supper ought to be finished and "things cleared away" by seven at the very latest, he stopped suddenly as they were passing the old Hotel Brunswick, rooted to the ground as it were by mingled horror and surprise. Looking through the brilliantly lighted windows of the restaurant at the groups around the small tables, he seized his uncle's arm and with an evident intimation that something ought to be done about it at once, screamed out, "Look! Look! they're eating in there."



## III

As a small boy, Noel visited the Patent Office in Washington with his father. Uncle Norman endeavored to make the visit profitable by pointing out curious devices and making instructive comments but he said that when Noel reached the great display of patented corsets it was impossible to induce him to look at anything else. Noel remarked that he never knew there were so many different kinds of corsets.



## Family News.

Alice is spending the summer at Manchester, Vt.

Rob was recently in New York on business.

Bert's address is now 1140 Wood Ave. Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Charles Ivins has taken his examinations for entrance to Andover.

Howard attended his Vicennial Reunion at New Haven this year where he saw Stuart and Howard, who were celebrating their Triennial.

The Round Robin Letter has at last been heard from. Nellie wrote Uncle George on May 19th that she was sending the document to Suffield and added that it had been en route for two years.

Bertha writes that Charles sailed on June 4th on the Berlin and expects to spend the summer in France. Bertha and the children left for the Adirondacks on the 18th of June where they expect to remain until September.

The following communications was recently sent us by Datus Smith.

Dear Mr. Editor:-

Your offer of a plush covered album as a prize for the best motto for the FOX FAMILY NEWS shows you the true editor you are, because, you see, it brings

*Home of Norman Fox at  
Ballston Spa, N. Y.*

out real talent. Find mine below. To save letter writing I will say now that I prefer red plush, to match our parlor paper, and please send by parcel post tied with strong string.

Yours,

An Honorary Member.

Motto: All the News that's fit to print about the Fox Family.

Cousin Marie Wait writes as follows: "My trip this summer is to attend two meetings, an Exposition of the Book Industry and Graphic Arts at Leipsic and a meeting of the British Library Association at Oxford. I expect to sail on the Scandinavian-American Line, S. S. United States, on July 14th. The party, less than a dozen in number, consists mostly of Chicago librarians. We go directly to Christiania. From Bergen we take a small Norwegian steamer going in and out of the fjords for a week. We stop at Trondhjem, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Dresden and Leipsic where we meet a second party of librarians who come by way of the Mediterranean and Italy. We expect to have an unusually interesting time in Oxford. I have booked for my return by my favorite Atlantic-Transport Line, S. S. Minnewaska, leaving London Sept. 12th."



GAZETTE 6/8/79

## Fox Descendants Set 75th Reunion at Spa

BALLSTON SPA — The Society of Descendants of Norman Fox (SDNF), will hold its 75th annual family reunion and corporation meeting Saturday, June 23, at the Gideon Putnam Hotel, Saratoga Springs.

\* \* \*

Seventy-two persons are expected from points as distant as Detroit, Mich., and Asheboro and Raleigh, N.C., who are descendants or spouses of descendants of Norman Fox, or his brother, Alanson Fox (1787-1829), who are descended from the original ancestor,

Thomas Fox, (1620), of Concord, Mass.

Norman Fox, a student at Union College in the Class of 1816, later became a judge of the Warren and Washington County Courts. He served in the state Legislature in the sessions of 1819, 1820, 1826 and 1830. He entered the ministry and served for 12 years as pastor of the Baptist Church in Ballston Spa. He died in 1863 in Painted Post.

\* \* \*

In 1904, one of his sons, the Rev. Dr. Norman Fox, organized the SDNF for the descendants of his father, with wives and husbands as associate members.

The society is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York and has a scholarship fund from which students may borrow for college educations.



CLASS OF 1816

NORMAN FOX

Son of Jehiel and Jerusha Fox of Chester, New York,  
born September 17, 1792 at Hoosic Falls and died  
October 3, 1863 at Painted Post, New York.

Married Jane DeHart Freeman February 23, 1831.

Member of Assembly 1819-1830.

Baptist minister in Ballston Spa and Schenectady.

Removed to Painted Post in 1860.

Children:

1. Adaline b.Feb.17,1832, Chester, N. Y.  
d.Nov. 7,1850, Ballston Spa, N. Y.
2. Alanson Jehiel b.Nov. 7,1833,Glens Falls,N.Y.
3. Rev.Norman b.Feb.13,1836,Glens Falls
4. William Freeman b.Jan.11,1840,Ballston Spa,N.Y.
5. Charles James b.Apr.9,1842 ,Ballston Spa,N.Y.
6. Mary Elizabeth b.July 11,1844,Ballston Spa,N.Y.
7. George Henry b.Oct.8,1846, Ballston Spa,N.Y.

*Union 1860*

*Union 1861*

NOTE

William Freeman Fox , Union 1860

Charles James Fox, Union 1861.

FROM

Genealogy of the Descendants of William Chesebrough  
Anna Chesebrough Wildey

Press of T. A. Wright New York 1903.

NORMAN FOX, non-graduate 1816, a resident of Chester, N.Y., was a member of the  
Philomathean Society. (Died: 1873)

Philomathean Catalogue 1830



## CLASS OF 1816

### NORMAN FOX

Became pastor March 26, 1838, and held that office nearly twelve years, resigning October 21, 1849. This was the golden age in the spiritual prosperity of the church. In 1839, 76 converts were baptized; and as a result of a still more powerful revival in 1843, 138 were received by baptism. It was at this time that the church reached its high-water mark of 417 members. Some of the older members of the church were wont to tell of that most memorable scene when on a Sabbath morning in the month of June, 1843, "Elder Fox gave the hand of fellowship to a large company of believers, more than one hundred in number, recently baptized, the line of new members extending from either side of the pulpit to the outside aisles and completely around the church. Mr. Fox first entered the legal profession, and was thrice elected to the Assembly, in the years 1819, 1820, 1830. He afterward studied for the ministry. Elder Fox is buried in the village cemetery. A plain white marble slab marks his grave, bearing this inscription: "Norman Fox, born Sept. 17, 1792, died October 3, 1863." "My flesh shall rest in peace."

Centennial History of Ballston Spa      p. 77  
Edward F. Grose  
Ballston Spa. N. Y.      1907.



CLASS OF 1816

NORMAN FOX

Grandson of Daniel  
Served in the War of 1812  
Was a graduate of Union College  
Was a judge of the Washington and Warren County  
courts, and a prominent member of the New York  
Legislature during four sessions of the Assembly.

Genealogy of the Fox Family. p. 195

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the most prominent families for many years  
in southern New York was the Fox family, living at  
Painted Post, in the town of Erwin. In 1846 Rev.  
Norman Fox removed there and became one of the three  
proprietors of what was known as the "gang mills" at  
Gang Mills in that town, being engaged in lumbering.  
Rev. Norman Fox retiring his sons Alanson J. and  
Charles J. Fox entered the firm, which under the name  
of Fox, Weston & Company, became in time the most  
extensive lumber establishment in the United States  
with large Western branches. Three sons of Rev. Norman  
Fox enlisted for service in the Civil War. (Charles J.  
Fox, Class of 1861, being one of them.) Vol 1p. 463

History of Steuben County, N. Y.  
Irvin W. Near  
The Lewis Pub. Co. Chicago 1911.



E, TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1937

## Dr. G.H. Fox, 90, Pioneer in Skin Diseases, Dies

Among First Specialists in  
Field; Author of Books  
Tracing Family Trees

Veteran of Civil War

Ex-President of State and  
County Medical Groups

Dr. George Henry Fox, one of the first American physicians to specialize in dermatology, died yesterday at his home, 145 East Fifty-fourth Street. He was ninety years old, a former president of the Medical Society of the County of New York and of the New York State Medical Society, and the only survivor of the founding members of the American Dermatological Association.

Dr. Fox retired from practice fifteen years ago, and since then had engaged in extensive genealogical research, investigating the history of not only his own family but of persons named Fox throughout the country. He wrote "Reminiscences" and "The Lineage of One Hundred Americans Named Fox," and presented to the American Biographical Society considerable material, yet unpublished, on his family.

He was a skillful photographer and published several photographic atlases on diseases of the skin. His works included "Photographic Illustrations of Skin Diseases," "Photographic Illustrations of Cutaneous Syphilis," "Electrolysis in the Removal of Superfluous Hair" and "Skin Diseases of Children." He was co-editor of "Illustrated Medicine and Surgery."

### Father in War of 1812

Dr. Fox was born at Ballston Spa, N. Y., son of the Rev. Norman Fox and Jane Freeman Fox, and grandson of the Rev. Jehiel Fox, a pioneer Baptist minister who served in the Revolutionary War and organized most of the churches of the Lake George Association. His father, a soldier in the War of 1812, was a lawyer before entering the ministry and was a Judge of Warren County and a member of the Legislature for several years.

Dr. Fox attended Satterlee College Institute and entered the University of Rochester in 1863 but withdrew the next year to enlist with the 77th New York volunteers for Civil War Service. After eight months he returned to college and was graduated with his class in 1867. He received his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1869 and was an interne at Philadelphia General Hospital, then went abroad to study at Leipzig, Berlin, Vienna, London and Paris.

### Dermatology Specialist



Dr. George Henry Fox

In 1873, Dr. Fox entered practice in New York City, and in 1875 was appointed professor of dermatology at the Woman's Medical College of New York Infirmary. He went to Columbus, Ohio, in 1879, as clinical professor of dermatology at Starling Medical College, and the next year returned to New York to become professor of dermatology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, holding this appointment for twenty-seven years.

### Headed Medical Societies

The American Dermatological Association was founded in 1876 by Dr. Fox, Dr. E. Wigglesworth of Boston; Dr. L. A. Duhring, of Philadelphia; Dr. L. P. Yandell Jr., of Louisville, Ky.; Dr. I. E. Atkinson, of Baltimore, and Dr. L. D. Bulkley, of New York. In 1925, Dr. Fox was named honorary member and honorary president of the association. He was elected president of the County Medical Society in 1891 and of the State Medical Society three years later, and at his death was the oldest former president of these organizations.

Dr. Fox also was the oldest dermatologist in the United States and possibly in the world, according to his son, Dr. Howard Fox, professor of dermatology and syphilology at New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College.

The aged physician marched each year in the Memorial Day parade, and was surgeon of George Washington Post, No. 103, of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. He attended the Gettysburg reunion of Union and Confederate Veterans in 1913.

Dr. Fox was an honorary member of the New York Dermatological Society and the Manhattan Dermatological Society. In 1932 he was elected an honorary member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, class of '93, and was the only survivor of the professors who taught this class. In 1932 he also was elected honorary president of Psi Upsilon fraternity, the office having been created for him.

### Member of Clubs

He was a member of the University Club, Psi Upsilon Club and New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, and for twenty-five years was president of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox, an incorporated family society. He wrote extensively about the descendants of his first American ancestor, Thomas Fox, of Concord, Mass.

In 1872 Dr. Fox married Miss Harriet Gibbs, of Nunda, N. Y., who died several years ago. Surviving, besides Dr. Howard Fox, are three other children, Alanson Gibbs Fox, of New York City; Mrs. Henry R. Russell, of Winterhaven, Fla., and Mrs. Mason Trowbridge, of Upper Montclair, N. J.

New York Herald-Tribune  
May 4, 1937



Fox, Norman

From: Chester, N.Y.

Last residence: Painted Post, N.Y.

16 u

Records show one

Norman Fox

Pvt. in Capt Salmon Farr Junior's Co.,

23rd Regt (Cook's) N.Y.Militia

Commencement of service: Sept 9, 1814

Expiration of service: Sept 20, 1814

UCSLafB16fox-n\_00027



145 E. 54 St.

DR. GEORGE HENRY FOX  
~~40 E. 54th STREET~~  
NEW YORK CITY

April 27<sup>th</sup> 1929.

Editor of  
Union Alumni Monthly.  
My Dear Sir:-

My attention has been called  
to an article on Union alumni in the  
war of 1812. (on p. 68 of a recent issue.)

As you will see by the enclosed copy  
of a family paper my father Norman Fox  
was for a time in the class of 1816 at Union  
and a soldier in the war of 1812. His name  
and record ought to be included in your list.

Four of his sons were in the Civil War  
and six or more grandsons or great grandsons  
were in the late World War.

Very Truly Yours

Geo. Henry Fox.  
(1867. Univ of Rochester)



April 30, 1929

Dr. George Henry Fox  
145 East 54th Street  
New York City

My dear Dr. Fox,

Thank you for your kindness  
in sending me the record of Norman Fox. We  
are delighted to add it to our alumni biographi-  
cal material.

Sincerely yours,

Secretary

CNW/ab



from  
Henry H. H. H.

UCSlat1816 fox\_n-00030

The Norman Fox record is all right, I had been shown it before, many years ago, by Col. William Freeman Fox, who I knew well as connected with the State Forestry Department, and compiler of "New York at Gettysburg", when I was in Albany.



*Imu Henry Harmon Noble*

UCSLA 61816 Fox - 11-00031

Reverting to the Fox record, Cook's was a Warren County Regiment, and was at the Battle of Plattsburgh, so I think Norman Fox's service was unquestionably there, from the dates shown.



11551 of 1910 Fox, 11, Dec 22

Amor culturae Virtutis Scientiae ET Amicitiae.

NORMANNUM FOX,



Honorem ad honores et omnia Privilegia Societatis PHILOMAGON in Collegio Concordiae constituta Non Eboraci Republica faciunt Ergo omnibus has literas Perlecturis sit notum NORMANNUM FOX, quidem communem consocium receptum fuisse. Cuius in per testimonium Agillum Societatis nominique praesidis et Secretarii nostri huc membrana affiguntur

SCHENECTADAE Datum in

W. H. Averell } Praeses

causa SOCIETATIS die vicepsime ac quarto

JULII, ANNOQUE DOMINI

J. R. W. Vicar } Secretarius

Milleesimo Octingentesimo sexto die mensis Julii



*Mr. Jehiel Fox* - Dr. to *Union College*, for  
the *College Bill of Son Norman* during  
the Session commencing *September 21st*, and  
ending *December 21st*, 1813.

To Tuition and use of College Library, . . . \$10 75	\$	C.	\$	C.
Room Rent, &c. . . . . 1 50	12	25		
Wood, and Cutting for Public Rooms, . . . 2 50				
Servants' Hire, &c. . . . . 2 50	6	75		
Public Damage, . . . . . 1 25				
Printing, . . . . . 50				
	\$19	00	19	00
<i>Baken from dining hall</i>				
<i>13 Weeks Board, at \$1.95 per week,</i>			24	35
Private Damage, . . . . .				
Fines, as per letter forwarded, . . . . .				
	\$	C.		
A bill of all those ab- sences and tardinesses which have been charged to your son during the last term, which are not placed under the head of fines, as he has rendered some excuse for the same	Prayers, . . . times	1		
	Recitation, / times	1		
	Rooms, / times	1		
	Church, . . . times			
		\$	3	
French Books furnished, 1 Dollar per Term, . . . . .				
Classical Books furnished, 2 Dollars 25 Cents per term, . . . . .			2	25
Books damaged, . . . . .				
Books lost, . . . . .				
	Total \$	47	38	
Deduct for				
	Balance due \$			

N. B. By a resolution of the Trustees, no Student can be permitted to board in Commons or recite in his Class, unless his previous bills are regularly discharged at the commencement of each Session. The next Session will commence on Tuesday, the 13th January, 1814, when it is expected your Son will appear in his place in the morning. No excuse will be deemed satisfactory, in case of delinquency, unless it be sickness or unavoidable necessity, a certificate of which, in writing, will be required.



No. 62 Class Graduating July, 1851.

First Term—Sept. to Dec., 1858.

Dr. Rev. Norman Fox for son, Charles J. in ac't. with Union College, Cr.

1858.		Dolls.	Cts.	1858.		Dolls.	Cts.
Sep. 10.	To Tuition, Room-Rent, use of College Library, Servants' Hire, Printing, &c., for Term from May to July,	20			By room rent	3	00
	" Extra Damage, public,.....	05		Sep 17	" Cash	7	00
	" Extra Damage, private,.....				Carried forward	10	20
	" Absences, .....	12				20	20
		30	20				
	To Balance	10	20				

#### SCHOLARSHIP.

There are five grades of Scholarship, as follows:—

Very good, marked No. 5. Good, 4. Satisfied, 3. Barely sustained, 2.—Not sustained, 1.

This character (†) signifies *prime*, and when annexed to each study, if attendance and conduct correspond, entitles the individual to the stipend of the *third* class of Prize Scholarships founded by the Trust Deed of E. Nott and U. E. Nott.

This character (‡) signifies *pre-eminent*, and when annexed to each study, if attendance and conduct correspond, entitles the individual to the stipend of the *fourth* class of Prize Scholarships founded by said Trust Deed.

#### PARTICULAR INFORMATION.

	By Permission.	Excuse Rendered.	Without Excuse.
ABSENT FROM			
Prayers	times	times	times
Recitations	times	5 times	times
Rooms	times	times	times
Town	times	times	times
Church	times	times	times
Tardy	times		

	Maximum value.	Degree of Attainment.	General Merit for term.
Attendance, .....	5	4.8	
Application, .....	5	5	
Conduct, .....	5	5	24.8
ATTAINMENT IN { Geometry	5	5+	
French	5	5	
History	5	5+	

The ensuing term will commence on Friday, the 7th of January next, in the evening, when the attendance of each student is required, and when payment of term bill must also be made. ☒ All College bills must invariably be paid in advance.

No servant allowed, unless regularly employed by College authority.

No deduction is made by the institution, from the usual charges of tuition, on account of absence from College.

Nor are the Faculty allowed to sign any degree, certificate or dismissal for any student, until his bills are paid.

Board at College Hall, from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per week, according to the price of provisions.

And board may be had at such other private houses as may be licensed by College authority.

\*Charge for Diploma, whether applied for or not.—*Min. Trustees*, vol. 1, p. 71.



Norman Fox

1816



Norman Fox 1816